

WIFE, CHILDREN, HOME AND FRIENDS.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by CORA LINDEN.

Music by H.P.DANKS.

Glissicato.

said, when man to till the ground, . The gate of E - den pass'd, . A
sweet to toil when trusting hearts . . . Our hon - est love re - pay . . . With
mid. the round of vex-ing cares . . . That come, for come they will , . . How

pi - ty-ing an-gel at his feet. . . Four gold - en bless-ings cast; And
smiles . . . that fill the hum-blest home. . . With sun - shine day by day ; 'Tis
soon. . . . the gen-ial air of home. . . Each trou - bled thought can still; 8 It's

thro' . . . that long, long waste of years, . . . To us. . . . their joy de - scends, . . . Four
sweet . . . to toil when fondest words. . . At eve. . . . our com-ing wait. . . And
deep. . . . af - fec-tion, tried and true. . . Of bliss - ful mag-ic lends, . . . Oh,

gifts that smooth life's rugg'd path, . . . Wife , Child - ren, Home and Friends. . .
lit - tle feet will gladly run . . . To meet us at the gate. . . .
blest of all our treasures here, . . . Wife, Child - ren, Home and Friends. . .

CHORUS.

SOPR. To these. . . . we cling, and at their shrine . . . Each no - - bler feel-ing
ALTO. To these we cling, to these we cling, and at their shrine Each no-bler feel - ing bents,Each
TENOR. To these we cling, to these we cling, and at their shrine Each no-bler feel - ing bents,Each
BASS. . . .

Wife, Children, H, and F.

bends: . . . For these we toil, for these we live, . . . Wife, Children, Home, and
nobler feel-ing bends: For these we toil, for these we live, for these we live, Wife, Children, Home, and Friends, Wife,
no-bler feel-ing bends: For these we toil, for these we live, for these we live, Wife, Children, Home, and Friends, Wife,
Children, Home, and

Friends . . .

Child-ren, Home, and Friends.

Child-ren, Home, and Friends.

Friends . . .

Ending.

Wife, Children, H, and F.